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LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

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SPEAK THY THOUGHT!

Speak thy thought out bold and bravely,
Fear not old opinion's saws;
What thy soul in clearer vision
Sees revealed in higher laws
Speak out loudly, now and ever,
Though all men should hate thy cause.

Speak thy thought out loud and clearly,
If they're words of honest worth,
Though all hell excite men's passions,
They will footing find on earth;
If they are but words of folly,
'Tis as if they had not birth.

What we are has root in thinking,
Thought e'er flies in freedom's van,
Shackle, bind, restrain from action,
Despots cry since time began,
While from martyrs' scaffolds gory
Thought's fruition comes to man.

Stake and fagot, rack and dungeon,
Have no terror for the brave;
Though the scaffold glooms before thee,
Words of truth are what we crave,
For the truth lives on forever,
Aye! when power is in its grave.

Heed no strumpet clothed in ermine,
Speaking for the state its word
As against mankind's progression;
Tell the boastful, purse-proud lord
That a vital thought once spoken
Hath a life beyond its sword.

If the church puts gyves on thinking,
Damn the church and break its spell;
If the state contracts thy being,
Damn the state and ring its knell;
Speak thy thought out bold and bravely
Spite of both these twins of hell.

—*Dyer D. Lum.*

Two Decades and a Year.

BY E. C. WALKER.

Lucifer has survived the struggles and persecutions of twenty-one years. An instant only in the life of the earth, a moment in the life of the race, one-sixth of the life of the United States, one half of the life of a generation of men, many times the average life of reform papers. It has not been a large life, measured by the extent of its circulation, the attention it has received from the thinkers of the world, the direct influence it has had on the masses of the people, the evil customs and laws it has overthrown. It has been a strong and effective life, measured by sincerity of conviction, by intensity and persistence of purpose, by the assaults it has received and sustained, by the affection and loyalty it has drawn to itself, by the steady if slow progress it has made toward financial independence, by the seeds of its sowing which have germinated and are growing in the brains of thousands of men and women.

Federal censorship of the mails was seven years old when Lucifer, then the Valley Falls Liberal, came into being. The fight for liberty of investigation on the part of the paper and for the suppression of unpopular facts on the part of the censorship has been a long and bitter one. Lucifer's editor and fellow workers have seen dark days, when it was uncertain what the immediate outcome was to be. Other publishers and editors and dealers have also been attacked, and some have gone down at the first onset; some have maintained a vigorous defense and made good their right to live, so far. Most of the victories won for light and candor have been won on technical points of the law, and it is probable that the coming quarter of a century will not see any change in this regard. The censorship, beaten back at times and in places, nevertheless has steadily pushed forward its columns. It now includes inter-state express business in the purview of its supervision, and is reaching out for the telegraph and freight business of the country. At first it did not assail, directly, the sentiments of a reformer; it was content to prosecute him on the ground of obscenity of expression, waging war on words rather than on ideas. But that day of comparative immunity passed long ago, as clear-thinking radicals saw from the first that it would in due time. Now the censorship openly assails the arguments of an author, and wins hands down on the issue, if he deals honestly with the tabooed sex problem. Indications are not wanting to show that the next step is to be legal inquiry into the probable or possible tendency of a publication, outside of its specific arguments for radical changes, and that the next step after is to be the attempted suppression of distinctively Freethought publications. This was the goal of the censorship from the beginning, as some of its adherents incautiously admitted and as the logic of their position made inevitable.

The position of the church and the position of the censors of morals are analogous. Both forces are constantly gaining strength in the statutes and the courts and losing strength in the thoughts and aspirations of inquiring men and women. We live in the years of preparation for a mighty struggle between the powers of reaction and of progress. Everywhere the new thought, in one form or another, is finding its way into the camps and courts and conferences of orthodoxy. You will discover it in newspapers, magazines, reviews; in sermons, reports, and special publications; in poetry, fiction, ethical essays, and history.

Only yesterday, I read Mrs. E. L. Voynich's "Jack Raymond"; neither in this book, nor elsewhere, so far as I know, does the authoress make any claim that she is writing to advance any special idea, and yet this work is a charge of moral dynamite under the temple of popular religion and sex ethics. And it is only one of many of like nature; three, including "Jack Raymond," were fiercely denounced in one letter by William L. Alden, the London correspondent of the New York "Times." On the one hand the thoughts of men and women are broadening, deepening, and strengthening; on the other, the backward-gazing beneficiaries of outworn institutions are whispering into the ears of legislators and judges, threatening them with the vengeance of the voters they claim to control and demanding as the price of continued office the enactment and enforcement of more and more repressive statutes. They get many of the statutes for which they ask, but when it comes to enforcement of these statutes the results are not always satisfactory to them, for it is not so very easy to hold inoperative the law of supply and demand.

Every free journal like Lucifer has much work to do; the pity is that it is not larger and does not have hundreds of thousands of readers. But such circulations are only for the trashy sheets that have no ambition except to fill the coffers of their owners by catering to the passions and prejudices of the unthinking multitudes. Every friend of liberty must realize that until we are free to investigate all the relations of men and women, until we are free to tell what we see and what we think and what we hope for, it is useless to expect any permanent change for the better in society. There must be freedom for men to work, for women to work, undisturbed by those who do not choose to work; there must be freedom for all men and for all women to seek their own temporal salvation unawed by unjust laws and unmenaced by mobs. Partisanship must not blind us to the fundamental truth that liberty and equity are to be sought and found only through liberty and equity.

Past and Future.

BY W. G. MARKLAND.

I have recently been looking backward over the thirty years of my acquaintance with the struggles for freedom, and it seems to me that final victory is not far distant.

First came Asmodeus-Woodhull, who compelled a nation's press to applaud her flight, though it groaned at the exposure. Next came in prominence the Miller-Strickland fight, in which I had the happy position of provider; the trial judge privately concealing their victory a year after. Then Walker-Harman, had a serious battle, gaining victory while in prison by compelling a supreme court to stullify itself. Heywood and Bennett fell sword in hand, leaving monuments of slain errors. Then came your eight years' battle, with alternate victory and defeat, but at no moment did the Light-Bearing flag cease to lighten the gloom, and it is still a beacon. The Hag made a clutch at Lois, and though thrown from her foundation for a moment, she yet lives in her "Home" Clothed with the Sun, hurling javelins of light. A clutch was made at Elmina, but the venomous talons closed on air. When Ingersoll fell all stood aghast; even the Hag groaned.

This vile Church-Wife of King Capital had a season of rejoicing when her spouse erected the Chicago harp of four strings, but it was rather brief, for the twang of those cruel cords awoke Socialism, and today they both stand trembling at their approaching doom.

The recent Herron-Rand affair may be the last in which the consumptive madam will interefere, as her spouse does not offer his courtly arm or cheek as of yore; his new concubines being more attractive.

DIVISION OF ACCESSIONS
JUN 21 1943
RECEIVED

Thus it seems that winter is breaking, for the New York probationary marriage law is a mighty rift in the ice, susceptible of indefinite extension.

Somebody is advancing; somebody is retreating The day of bread and butter in abundance, and stalwart children to eat it, rapidly approaches. Threescore and ten may not see that day, but the certainty of it gilds oblivion with happy features to be embraced with a smile.

An Anti-Slavery Reminiscence.

DEAR LILLIAN:—So you would like something for your "Anniversary Number," from my pen?

I am not quite in my usual health, broken down with my home coming from New Hampshire, but I will give you a little reminiscence which comes to mind; now, perhaps, because we have just passed the "First of August," a day made memorable by the use we put it to—for many, many years—a special meeting for work in the Anti-Slavery cause.

I do not remember the year, but I remember I was given in charge the gifts of The Rochester Ladies' "Anti Slavery Society" to the Boston fair; and having disposed of them to whom they were sent, I was making my way, in company with Mr. Charley Lenox Remoud, to my temporary home. I was something of a reformer in those days, and wore what was known as "the short dress," a dress falling a little below the knee, and pantalets made of the same material. That dress was considered very immodest. My escort, Mr. Remond, was a man who had a color which he could not remove, however he might wish to do so, even at the command of the Boston mob. Our way was through Washington St., directly past the "Old South Church," and the worshippers were just coming from the church onto the street. The shouts these holy people gave at the sight of a "bloomer dress" and a colored gentleman were as though the "fabled pandemonium" had broken loose.

Now, my dear Lillian, I have never been to prison for conscience sake, but I have great love and sympathy for those who have, and though I have never felt for the cause you and your father advocate as I have felt for the slave, I love and respect you and him and am always willing to add my mite to help you when I can.

There is so much for the reformer to do, so many wrongs to be abolished, so much that is wrong in ourselves that we need to overcome or destroy, that I am often disheartened and think I may as well stop doing; but 'tis my nature to try to do, even though the result is so small.

With love to you both, and good hopes for the future, I am always yours, LUCY N. COLMAN.

412 Gifford St., Syracuse, New York.

A Mud-Colored Conception.

BY C. L. JAMES.

It is a pity an article containing so much good sense as Ada Bertoni's "Pink Rose Conception" should comprise a paragraph so conspiciously in want thereof, as that which attempts to show that "the marriage tie" is "a good thing." If it were not for the marriage tie, she thinks, that "while the females were pregnant, with a brood of young ones around them, the males would be elsewhere, following the Bible advice 'increase and multiply.'"

Why does she think so so? The reason, given by herself, is that she has seen "numerous household animals" act so. But did she ever see an animal, household or otherwise, act so unless such were the law of his species? I am quite sure she never did. "Natural selection," of which she appears to think lightly, has imposed on every race the necessity of conforming to those habits which best secure its perpetuation. If it be, for man, one of these that the male shall assist to take care of the brood, he will doubtless continue to do so as he generally has done, marriage or no marriage. Otherwise he needn't.

It is, indeed, true that species sometimes become extinct in

consequence of lacking instincts adapted to new conditions; and such may possibly, though it seems a bugaboo, be some day the destiny of ours. But there is grave reason to doubt if the practices made legal by ignorant barbarians whose wives were captives, are likely to avert whatever danger may exist. Surely Ada is not so innocent as to think "the marriage tie" has any practical effect in preventing married men from having amours? Its purpose was to prevent women from doing that. It was framed on the principle of making detection and punishment easy in the case of the woman, but impossible in that of the man. It degrades the woman into a breeder and domestic servant. It lowers her in the esteem of man so much, that for other purposes he commonly prefers even a mercenary prostitute to a wife. Between a wife and a free love woman there is simply no comparison. Relaxation of the obligation to be chaste, is, in all ages and countries, the measure of women's elevation. This was the moral I meant to point by examples, in those biographies of unchaste women of which I wrote so many for Lucifer a year or two ago. I did not write more, as I had intended, because the last one was not published.

A Fugitive Wife.

BY ROBERT MOORSHOLM.

"Washington, Aug. 13.—The division of insular affairs. War Department, has had considerable correspondence relating to the appointment of Mrs. Fannie Wadsworth of Mellwood, Neb, as a teacher in the Philippines. She applied for the position as 'Miss' Wadsworth, and was selected. Then a dispatch was received saying she could not go because she had young children to look after. This was signed by George Wadsworth, her husband.

"Questioned by the Department about the matter, she replied by wire that the children were her husband's by a former wife, and she wished her appointment to stand. She went to a small town in Kansas, telegraphed for transportation, which was sent her, and she sailed with other teachers for Manila.

"Letters were received from George Wadsworth, asking that transportation be refused her, but upon investigation it was decided to send her transportation and let her decide the matter for herself."—*Press Dispatch.*

This is a notable occurrence and shows a terrible state of tyranny and slavery, not an isolated instance, but a regular thing in the marital relation. She had made up her mind to earn her living and be independent. He sought to cut her off from an opportunity to support herself. How generous, how chivalrous he was to write that she could not go because she had young children to look after! And yet they were not her own. And of course this he could not tell. She had to go to another town, and prudently did so, to get transportation. Still the generous husband pursued her, asking that transportation be refused her.

What was his state of mind? Did he want her only as an unpaid help to care for his orphans? Did he want to hold her to his bed and board by the logic of starvation? Is society interested or indifferent in having women starved into staying as wives to raise families against their will? Are such the sort of citizens for the future whom the citizens of the present desire?

One bird has got out of her cage and you may be sure that she will not return to her jailor. If he has a spark of his mother's wit in him he will see in the action of the Washington authority a fortunate result for himself, for if he had succeeded in his opposition to her going, he would have had a terrible problem on his hands. Only fools need to have it explained to them what that problem would be. It is assumed that a man wants his sons to be men and knows that they will be something less than men if their mothers are something less than women. It is assumed that a man wants children who are *his*. Unless he is insane he does not want to light the fires of deviltry in a woman's heart by extreme oppression.

The knowledge that a man can use is the only real knowledge which has life and growth in it and converts itself into practical power. The rest hangs like dust about his brain, or dries off like rain drops in the sun.—*Froude.*

"Why Should Love Die?"

BY ASRAEL LARSON.

Love should not die, and I doubt that it ever does. Love flies. Why? Because in our small souledness we take such narrow views that whatever stands in the foreground covers the whole diminutive picture, the insignificant seems all important, the theoretic seems axiomatic, the narrower the views the more of them, and the more of the occasions for clashing with our beloved associate whom we soon find is everlastingly in our way. Disgust creeps in; Love flies out.

Alas for the present! But Socrates was a great philosopher who knew more than any body else. He knew that he knew nothing—other people did not know even that. When we have learned how little we really know, and what we once knew we no longer know, we may concede that others may be honest though they differ from us.

Yes, alas for the present! But progress is the law of the universe. Broad minds were once narrow, narrow minds will grow broad. We are all of us finite now and can take only finite, and therefore erroneous pictures of the universe, which is infinite. But our capacities are infinite, we have but to unfold; climb, and the higher we attain, the more cheerful the out-look, and the more readily will our compassion flow toward our fellow travelers who are gaining experience as we have gained it.

How far along are we? Not at the top, no. We are just learning what it is to be free. And some of us, but not all, have discovered that there is, and can be, no absolute freedom for social beings. If we are to have other free people with us, we must all conduct ourselves according to certain rules or there will be a very unhappy state of affairs indeed. For instance when it is proposed to get something new, we should never insist on getting it unless a majority are in favor of it; and when there is a tie vote, as often happens between two persons who are living on very intimate terms, the vote is always in favor of the one who votes "no," no matter what style of clothes he or she wears.

Then again, every person should be willing to carry his own burden. It is very magnanimous to bear another's burden, but it is rather impolite to insist that somebody else shall carry yours. And then it would be well if we could all of us always remember that every one should hold him or herself responsible for his or her own deeds and agreements.

It seems that we have not all of us gotten up to this height yet for it has almost become a proverb that it is a woman's prerogative to change her mind. And it is contended that a woman is not liable for a breach of promise to marry, but man is. Then it seems our editor wants a woman to have the right to repudiate her marriage contract whenever she feels unsatisfied with it.

We once heard a lady say that a woman had a right to break any contract she had made if it was for her interest to do so. Perhaps the lady was rather hard pressed for something to say just then. The idea seems to have got out some way that woman is an irresponsible being. This must be a gross slander on womankind. If it were said of men they would resent it as an insult. Woman is not so undeveloped as that.

No, the abolition of the marriage rite will not solve the problem. Only right conduct can do that. Of course most of us try to do right, but we can not hope to succeed while we have such narrow views of life. We need not follow the philosopher up the mountain side; we can select some of the necessary rules of procedure of civilized society and practice them. If these are constantly violated by us our dearest associates will soon be forced to resist, in self-defense, which we in our narrowness mistake for meanness, and then all our love flies.

Narrow minds will in time grow broad. "All things come to him who waits;" not always in this life, but this life should occupy but a small space in our picture. If a loved one has forsaken thee, wait. "Love never dies."

Friday Harbor, Wash.

In Extremis.

(Myriam Harry, in "La Fronde." Translated from the French by C. L. Swartz.)

For several days Lucienne had lain unconscious in a fever. Edmond, her husband, stricken at the height of his happiness, in the fullness of his love, followed the phases of her illness with an overwhelming consternation.

Incapable of collecting his thoughts apart from her, he wandered idly about the apartment, now rendered immense by the silence and the anxiety, but always returning to the room where Lucienne, pale and emaciated, her head wreathed in her tangled blonde hair, almost angelic in her sweetness and purity, lay ensconsed among the pillows. He pressed his lips piously upon the little hand with the bluish veins; then he stole away on tiptoes, intimidated by the nurse, uneasy and awkward, his large body tossing like an abandoned ship; and his vigorous arms, with nothing to be held in them, dangled in distress.

That night Edmond insisted upon sitting up with his wife.

Leaning back in an armchair, he gazed amorously at Lucienne's fine features, spiritualized by the indistinct glimmer of the lamp and so childish that he asked himself if that little girl, lost in that large bed, was really his wife.

And he recalled her as he saw her for the first time, frail, thin, pale, with the deep gaze of her large, candidly astonished eyes. Smitten with her moral beauty, which he divined behind her physical fragility, he married her, sure in advance of finding through her all attainable happiness.

During these six years of married life, he had never failed to realize his every hope. Believing her frank, loyal, loving, he had persuaded himself that she had given herself to him for life,—to him alone.

In his necessity for illusion, he had made of her the living dream of his life of dreams, without ever wondering if she really were she of whom he sang in his sonnets and in his passionate poems. Lucienne, proud of these poems, had never consented to profane them by publication; she jealously hid them away, calling them her "titles of nobility," read them from time to time to "invest herself with their powers," as she said.

And now Edmond, sitting opposite the sick one, thought melancholily of his verses. He conceived the idea of re-reading them. He took the keys of the little desk in which they were kept and went into the adjoining room. He opened the desk, and, unlocking Lucienne's secret drawer, he withdrew a package carefully bound round with a ribbon. He untied the knot. A bunch of letters fell, scattering themselves over the table.

Edmond looked twice. He was mistaken, for they were not his verses, and still he knew that Lucienne always put them there. He didn't recognize these letters addressed to his wife, and their writing inspired in him instinctively a bitter animosity.

Would Lucienne, so good, have received and hidden in her desk the correspondence of a guilty friend? No; for she would have spoken to him about it; and yet he could imagine nothing else. But what pained Edmond more than the mere hiding of the letters was the fact that she had reserved for these doubtless unimportant things the little sanctuary from which his verses were now banished. He meant to replace the package, promising himself to ask her about these later; but, pushed by that incertitude, which would prolong itself perhaps, and in order to acquit her (something in him but which was not him had already accused her), he unfolded with feverish haste the sheets which frequent reading had crumpled.

The letters were certainly intended for his wife.

A painful lassitude overcame him; an intense pain in his head almost prevented him from reading. It seemed to him that a part of his brain was torn out with each line and that a drop of blood fell from his heart on each word. Mechanically he wiped the paper with his handkerchief, when he saw that he was mistaken,—that merely his tears had run down his cheeks without his noticing them.

He sank into a chair, wishing to die; and unconsciously he sobbed: "Lucienne, Lucienne!"

Little by little his wife's image came back to him; her sweetly limpid glance responded to the appeal of his eyes; he saw her lips, slightly disdainful, blossom into a luminous smile, and her young form, gracious and chaste, shuddered for him. And he groaned:

"No; it's impossible! Every other one, yes; but she, no,—she could not deceive me!"

However, the letters irrefutably showed her guilt. Then the *other* presented himself to his mind. An atrocious jealousy burned into his very heart, for he *knew* now that she had given herself to the "other" as she had given herself to him, with the modesty of her amorous flesh and the infinite tenderness of her dreamy soul. And he thought that, while he confined himself in an absolute but ridiculous fidelity, she had opened the door of her heart to a stranger and the intruder had walked side by side with him in the love of this woman—his wife.

"The thief!"

With violent gesture he scattered the letters which covered the carpet, like petals fallen from a great flower. He laughed painfully.

"There's how my illusions fall to pieces—all at once."

A stiffness of all his muscles had followed his dejection. He was shaken with a furious anger, and he fumed with savage hatred because he could not kill the "other." He had never suspected his existence and did not even know his name.

But wasn't *she* the real guilty one? No penalty could adequately punish her crime.

He wanted to strangle her with his hands, call her the names that are applied to women of the street, contradict the seeming purity of her eyes, fix her forever in her lie. Edmond rushed toward Lucienne's room. But a look toward the bed—*their* bed—made him tremble like a reed; his legs shook; and, feeling that he was going to fall in a heap before the bed, he turned brusquely around to go out.

His anger had already abated somewhat. The desire to go away from her, to leave that house forever, became imperious. On the other hand, to leave her like that was to kill her. And he thought with a bitter satisfaction that she would awake presently and that, with the name of the "other" upon her lips, she would call her husband with the perfidious sweetness of her voice. The silence alone would respond to her supplications and she would know the frightfulness of being abandoned.

With his hand on the door knob Edmond murmured:

"And then let her call 'him' and she will see whether he will come to her aid!"

A long, imploring, suffering, frightened cry sounded through the night.

"Henri!"

Edmond started, awed. That name—he had read it at the bottom of the letters. It pierced his heart like an arrow and held him at the door.

Motionless, haggard, he listened to this name, escaping from his wife's lips and echoing among the walls, daily witnesses of her adoration. How well he recognized that persuasive, tender, caressing voice! Finally, exhausted, she struggled, stifled, cried:

"Henri! Henri! Henri!"

The last cry rattled in her throat.

Edmond still listened.

Silence again enveloped the house.

Edmond felt as if he had just submitted to a terrible operation, the shock of which he still could sense.

He placed his hand on his heart,—he looked at the clock. He heard the incessant tick-tock, but he was not certain that it did not come from the pulsations of his heart. Hen-ri, Hen-ri—was it his heart or really the clock that thus hammered out the seconds?

A plaintive moan recalled him to the reality. He threw down his hat and flew to Lucienne.

"You are suffering, my darling!"

She ceased moaning, and, lifting herself up feebly, she

stretched her arms toward him, while her eyes fixed on him a look of infinite sweetness, but also full of vague reproaches.

He sat down on the bed. She, trembling, pressed herself against him, seeking his heart in order to rest her burning head upon it. And seeing that poor little body, which seemed to shun itself and to take refuge near another strong and protecting one, Edmond felt a profound pity awakening in him; and, putting his arms around her, he rocked her gently on his bosom.

Lucienne, silent but instinctively happy, pressed her body more closely against him. Edmond, with sad irony but without rancor, asked himself:

"Is it I or he whom she embraces?"

Then seeking excuses for her weakness, he thought:

"She finds herself held by an inexorable fatality; she has been held in a spell by the mysterious laws of love, and her frail body has not known how to resist her heart, too strong and too fecund in tenderness. I ought, like a brother, to have kept temptations away from her; but I contented myself with being her lover and her clerk. I have preferred my illusion to her; in order to flatter my pride and shirk my responsibility I have dreamed her perfect. No, she is not guilty; my presumptuous confidence is alone at fault."

And following his work of exculpation he mused:

"I have accused her of lies and treachery. She has perhaps been frank and sincere in her two affections. Her soul belongs to a different world from mine and its *conditions of love* are different from mine. She has dreamed of the infinite; she has not wished to wall up her heart in a single and selfish happiness.

"No, she is not a thief; she has stolen nothing from me; she has given me the part of love which a man can secure in life, and I am still a chosen one. If she has not the 'honesty' of the 'virtuous" woman, she has the *loyalty* of the real lover,—the loyalty not to make those suffer whom she loves. Most niggardly is the happiness of possessing a faithful wife who, under the pretext of belonging only to her husband, stifles a part of her nature.

"Ah! little Lucienne, how sweet you are!"

(Edmond felt her slender fingers passing through his hair.)

"Little Lucienne, how adorable you are with your tigress caresses, with your dreamy eyes, and with your enigmatic love!"

And he felt that in the nobility of her soul she had tried thus to cover up and blot out all the shame of treachery and all the terrors of lying, while she had saved him all the pains of suspicion and the humiliations of jealousy.

Lucienne was asleep. Her breathing was regular,—her fever had abated.

Edmond laid her back among the pillows, and, while thinking of all the suffering that was in store for that being of strange sensibility, he sighed sadly:

"She will live, perhaps."

Then, thinking also of the happiness which she would still bring to him, he said, almost with joy:

"She will surely live!"

He went out into the next room. Slowly, very slowly, he gathered up, one by one, the scattered letters and the dry flowers, which had fallen from the envelopes.

And, having tied them up with the pink ribbon, he put them back with resignation into the secret drawer.

"Is It Any Wonder" Yes!

BY FRANK REED.

It is a wonder, and a most mystifying one too, how such men and such ideas have managed to live during the past hundred years of light. The Rev. A. R. Adams (see Lucifer No. 872) thinking he sees a happy state for himself and a few close friends in the endless future, would rather see the rest of mankind roasting in eternal torment, than to relinquish his supposed legal claim to eternal joy. It would be better that God and all His works, go to pieces, than that any being suffer everlasting torment.

But this idea is too high for the Rev. Adams; he is made of the same stuff as the one from whom I shall now quote. The celebrated Jonathan Edwards, when preaching upon the subject of torment years ago in New England, was asked if the sufferings of the lost would not mar the bliss of God's people in glory? Here is the substance of his answer—take particular notice of it!

"No; you will be so changed that such matters will not affect you; you will look over the battlements of heaven and see in torment your neighbors and friends, yea, your own parents and children, brothers and sisters, and turning round will praise God the louder because his justice is made manifest."

The simple power to enforce obedience to commands, neither makes it right to obey nor proper to command. Let us be forever done with the thought, "the king can do no wrong." We may, with reason, believe that the God of nature will do no wrong, but if he should do what some of our religious brethren imagine him threatening to do, it would be a million times greater crime than any man could commit! It will be well for the Rev. Adams and those of his stamp of mind, to consider a few fundamental facts and truths.

The man who turns from an evil course, is forgiven that instant, for man stands condemned or approved before his own conscience. The idea that an outside jndgment is to be passed on man's soul, that some one not himself, is to condemn him, regardless of what the man's own conscience has to say about the matter, is the idea of foolish children. Man must be led to see his crime as such, his own conscience must condemn the act before he can be sentenced, and the moment he casts from him the thought and desire to commit crime or do wrong, that moment he is forgiven. Man is like a piece of gold; no matter how much dirt and filth he has passed through, he is pure gold the moment he turns from his evil ways. This is why the Bible tells man that there is forgivness and repentance up to the eleventh hour. So long as there is reason left to appeal to, there is a chance to repent, and when one repents, he has not to wait for some arbitrary power to forgive him. No man's acts are finally judged and decided by a higher judge than that of his own conscience and reason, and the Bible does not point to any.

Our over-zealous brothers and sisters, imagine they see great gulfs of fire and spike-tailed devils, eagerly waiting the coming of the wicked, who do not read carefully enough to find out that the fire they read of was nothing more nor less than fires that were kept burning in the garbage dumps of the city of Jerusalem. Some of these animal remains would hang in the rocks above, as they fell from the long shoot through which they were shot; on these carcasses the worms never died, while in the valley below, the fires were never quenched. Whether a man repent yesterday or today, makes no difference, so far as forgiveness goes; he will simply require more time to get free from his scars and wounds, the longer he remains at war with nature, that is all. The rewards are nature's price for obedience to all her laws, while the sins or evil acts, are punished with penalties of suffering and loss of joy. Who does not know that there is more joy in living strictly in obedience to one's conscience, than in trying to put it down or kill it in acts of pure selfishness?

The second death is the dissolution of the soul, and how a mind could exist, when the body through which it now expresses itself, is dissolved, none but idiots and foolish people can answer. Nature promises eternal conscious existence to the righteous, or to those who are fully developed, while she threatens to annihilate that which falls short of perfection. This is reasonable; only that which is perfect could possibly hold together for an eternity, and the imperfect must suffer dissolution. The God without can only appeal to the God or good within; if the Christ principle is not in man, there is no sense in appealing to him. It will be well to remember this fact—"The Shakespeare "without can only speak to the Shakespeare within.

A Plaint from Patchogue.

Mrs. B.—What do you think? My husband says I must wear a modest bathing suit or none at all this summer!

Mrs. G.—The horrid thing! What will you do about it.

Mrs B.—Wear none at all.

Some Worse Than Useless Fruits of Scientific Torture.

Have our readers heard of the terrible serum disaster at Milan? Twenty diphtheria patients, treated with serum, developed tetanus and died, victims of the "latest scientific discovery."

A great pother has been made over this occurrence. Another case of locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. The Milan institute has been closed, the use of the serum prohibited throughout Italy, all in the market called in, and all in the course of preparation destroyed. But these precautions will not call the dead to life.

The antitoxin manufacturers apparently did not know what they were furnishing the public. They say that the diphtheritic serum may have contained tetanus germs, or that they may have got mixed up and furnished anti-tetanus serum. These excuses do not excuse. The incident is characteristic of what may happen at any time when physicians use decaying filth as a remedial agent. In all probability, the serum had developed a poisonous ptomaine, which caused the attacks of tetanus. But Ephraim is so joined to his idols that doubtless some far-fetched excuse will be found upon which to saddle responsibility for these murders of a charlatan science, and its exponents will go on experimenting on the people.

It has never yet been demonstrated that horse serum is of the slightest utility in diphtheria. Unless the serum could be taken from the artificially infected horse and transferred direct into the waiting patient's system, without the addition of any drug whatsoever; unless this experiment be many times multiplied, with prompt and favorable results in all cases, the antitoxin has had no real trial. To add carbolic acid, a remedy of known therapeutic worth in diphtheria and throat troubles, then give the serum indiscriminately with a prepossession in its favor, is no test at all.

As for laboratory experiments on rabbits and mice, they are not worth the paper they are written on. The merit of any medicine must always be determined by its clinical record, and its effects must be watched by keen, critical, conscientious eyes. The laboratory juggling of men seeking to substantiate theories is not worth a rap to practitioners who must cure their patients to get reputation and make a living. Antitoxin is like a gun. It may or may not be loaded. The doctor who uses it takes deadly chances. A few disasters like that at Milan would make an American town too hot to hold the doctor who turned such a pestilence loose on a community. We have not the continental faculty for dressing up facts and deceiving ourselves. It savors of malpractice to employ a dangerous and deadly substance, of which we know nothing except a fanciful and elaborate hypothesis, in the treatment of sick people.

Let the deadly serum alone. You can get all the benefit from pure solutions of carbolic acids (one-eighth of one per cent.), and you will not run the risk of killing somebody, as you must do every time you inject antitoxin.—*Dr. Lawrence, editor "Medical Brief."*

Perhaps Mr. James has at hand "scientific" statistics showing just how many thousands or hundreds of thousands of harmless animals have been tortured to death in order to give publicity to "a fanciful and elaborate hypothesis" of a "charlatan science."

A Baltimore Belle.

Kitty—Charley Jones proposed to me last night, and when I accepted him he wanted to kiss me.

Janet—Well, did you kiss him?

Kitty—Why, no, indeed, I can't go around kissing every man I meet.—*Baltimore World.*

Changed Circumstances.

She—Oh, Jack! You didn't shoot that poor little bird, did you?

He—Why, yes, dear; I thought you'd like it to trim a hat.

She—Oh, how good of you! It's perfectly lovely!—*Philadelphia Record.*

A Word About "Free Unions."

BY CHARLES J. LEWIS, M. D.

Love is a tender regard for another of the opposite sex, according to poets, and it is expected to exist between couples while either shall live. "Free" as well as "bonded" unions hold to this love-endurance. Each member of free unions, however, pretends to allow to the other partner full privilege to choose companionship, while the bonded union refuses such liberty. Emma Goldman said that "free unions fall short of their ideals and fail."

In fact, unions are formed for the promotion and maintenance of happiness. When the basis of happiness is too idealistic for the lovers to practice, there will be discontent, cooling of the affections, murmurings, bickerings and the climax of separation. Disappointment and failure is sure to come to one united to a "faultless" partner.

All unions formed in love in consonance with the views of physiology, having for their aim the consummation of acts which, though accompanied with the acme, yet momentary, thrills, tend to perpetuate the species, and are entered into for these purposes only. Such unions are true unions. True, in that they do not depend upon the poet's definition of love, nor his characterization of lovers. Tis the poet's love that tires by time; the physiologic, never. For, during the functioning age, it is ever aglow. It does not fret in sickness nor worry in distress; nor does either become surly upon seeing the other without a smile on the face.

Upon paying close attention to the momentous question of sex unions, we will doubtless arrive at the conclusion that a life of misery, forebodings of evil, and "broils" will be the lot of more than half of the unions formed in accordance with views and expectations so false and theories so absurd as are reflected in the poet's description of love. For the poet's definition of the word love which is too hazy for comprehension, and too self-sacrificing for human pairs to realize in their daily grind of bait and "bouts," let us substitute one that will overlook such a temptation, for instance, as the chance meeting of a person who at once captivates, entices, and mayhap, gets the tender feelings inextricably entangled.

When each person to the "union" is free to express physiologic love without restraint, then, and then only, will it be rare for entanglement of the affections—on the side—to become serious, affection withdrawn, and kind acts withheld. Such unions will be real, physiologic, natural; will not be failures.

SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER.

Old, Yet Ever New,

Are Ibsen's master works, "Nora; a Doll's House," and "Ghosts." We have just purchased a large stock of these works, handsomely bound together in cloth, on terms which enable us to offer them as premiums with yearly subscriptions to Lucifer.

This is in no sense a cheap edition. The paper is fine and heavy, type large and impression clear; binding beautiful and substantial. A handsome and dainty volume either for your own library or as a gift to a friend.

We will send a copy of this book post-paid, to any address as premium with a *paid in advance* yearly subscription to Lucifer. If any subscriber who is in arrears wishes to take advantage of this offer he may do so by paying his arrearage, and sending us $1 for the ensuing year.

This is the very best premium offer we have ever made, and we would not now be able to make it were it not that the books were sold at bankrupt sale.

Speak what you think now, in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today. A man should never be ashamed to own he has been wrong, which is but saying that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—*Emerson.*

Sayings—No. 3.

BY FRANCIS BARRY.

Our main business in this world is, not to love, but to *work*. All the love we deserve is just enough to keep us in good working order.

The reason so many have found so-called love, in so-called freedom, unsatisfying, is because they have sought happiness when they should have been seeking their tasks, leaving happiness to come in its own time and way.

All things should make us happy—the rustling leaf, the robin's twitter, that sweetest of all earthly things, the touch of a lover's hand, all things Walt Whitman could name; but the highest, largest, deepest, noblest happiness is that which comes from delight in *work*, for self growth, and the upliftment of the race.

The honorable and manly man, worthy the society of women, will never use language to which a sensible woman may not listen. But the worker for human elevation, (and there is no other honorable or manly man) will not get up on *stilts* to do his work; but when he would help his brothers in the mire, while he does not the least bit of wallowing with them, will not essay to preach, or seem to be a saint, but will adroitly direct attention to what is clean, and interesting, and of practical use.

Promiscuity, of every sort, is detestable, and among the meanest of the sorts, is promiscuous jealousy. A clean and manly man cannot love a woman whose *sphere* does not keep at a distance all such as harbor in their souls or bodies any selfishness or uncleanness, but the genuine lover, he whose love is not a pretense, he who is not fooling himself, and trying to fool others, that he knows what love is, will be made happy by everything that is to his lover a happiness and a blessing.

If I really love a woman I will recognize her as the regulator of her own conduct, and if she loves, in any degree, another man, confessedly as clean, and sweet, and generous, and reliable, and lovable as I, it will add to my happiness as well as hers.

This is not saying one word in favor of non-exclusive love, but it is saying a very strong word, and a very truthful word, in favor of woman being the arbiter of her own destiny. If she is really blest (and she is to judge) and made happy by any course in life, and I am not made happy by her course, it only proves that we do not belong together to any great extent, and if we have made large investments in each other, a terrible mistake has been made, and we must suffer and grow wiser, as other sinners and fools have to do.

From "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan away,
  Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood upon the floor and by the wall;
  And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
"My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
  "And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
"Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

"Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
"Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
  "And He that with his hand the Vessel made
"Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
  "They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
"What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Sufi pipkin—waxing hot—
  "All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
"Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
  "The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
"He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

Notes From the Book Department.

"If you see it in the Sun it's so," was not written of the series of pamphlets under the name of "The Sun," published by C. T. Fowler, in Kansas City, in '85-'86. Yet this assertion is more nearly true of Mr. Fowler's publications than of the New York "Sun" at whose head it stands. These pamphlets have been out of print for several years; but recently in re-arranging the contents of a store-room I found a few copies. The titles are:

"Co-operation, It's Laws and Principles." With portrait of Herbert Spencer. "Co-operation is as much in advance of civilization as civilization is in advance of barbarism." Price twenty cents.

"Prohibition; or the relation of Government to Temperance." Price, ten cents.

"The Reorganization of Business." With portrait of R. W. Emerson. As keynotes these sentences of Emerson are given: "Of all debts, men are least willing to pay their taxes. . . . . Everywhere they think they get their money's worth except for these. . . . Every actual State is corrupt. Good men must not obey the laws too well. . . . Want of liberty, by strengthening law and decorum, stupefies conscience. . . . From neither party while in power has the world any benefit to expect. . . . The appearance of character makes the State unnecessary. . . . Roads can be built, letters carried, and the fruits of labor secured when the government of force is at an end." Price, twenty cents.

"Co-operative Homes." With portrait of Louise Michel. Twenty cents.

"Corporations." With portrait of Wendell Phillips. This little work is of especial value just now, when questions relating to the trusts, great strikes, etc., are forcing themselves on the attention of every one. Price, twenty cents.

"Land Tenure." With portrait of Robert Owen. General delusion that land values benefit society; City values and rents; Futility of legislation; Colonization schemes; Authority for holding land; Administering this land tenure. Price, 20 cents.

Mr. Fowler's works are altogether too valuable to be lost to the world merely because the first editions are practically exhausted. His own life was cut short soon after the publication of his pamphlets; but his work should live. We hope to republish them, some day.

* * *

We still have in stock a few volumes of Lucifer, well bound in cloth, for the year '99. While they last we will send a copy to any address for $1.50.

* * *

Dr. J. H. Greer has recently issued a new edition of his "Talks on Nature," advertised elsewhere in this paper. Until further notice we will send the new edition, cloth bound, for twenty-five cents to all who enclose six cents extra for postage.

* * *

The first five numbers of the Light-Bearer Library, with the exception of "Marriage and Morality" (of which the stock is low) are out of print. We can still fill orders for the remainder —"Motherhood in Freedom," "The Coming Woman," "Plain Words on the Woman Question," "The Evolution of Modesty," "Marriage," "A Tale of the Strassburg Geese," and "Institutional Marriage," at five cents a copy.

* * *

"Marriage, Maternity, Health and Hygiene" is the title of a work by Dr. J. H. Greer which has recently come to us. The chapter titles are: "Home and Family; Heredity; Pre-natal Influences; Marriage; Child Culture; Long Life; Respiration; Sleep and the Bath; Dress; Mental and Physical Culture; Don't's in Sickness; What to Do in Sickness; Care of the Eyes and Ears; Care of the Extremities; Don't Worry. The final chapter consists of eighty pages of "Simple Treatment for Common Diseases." 204 pages; bound in cloth $1. A great deal of valuable information in compact form. L. H.

Variety's the source of joy below.
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love, the mind we ever pursue,
And only change the expiring flames renew.

Lucifer, the Lightbearer

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving Light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing Light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of Light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

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When Lucifer fails to reach its subscribers, notice thereof by postal should be sent us at once.

Lucifer's Coming of Age.

BY M. HARMAN.

About two thousand years ago Julius Cæsar wrote his comments on the Gallic war, in which he himself was by far the chief figure. To avert ill-natured criticism, perhaps, he avoided the use of the first person singular, and spoke as a disinterested spectator or contemporary observer might do, instead of as an active participant in the events described by him.

Some years after the time of the first Cæsar, another Roman author, Virgil, wrote one of the most famous of all epics, the Æneid, in which he makes his hero to begin the story with the words, "I am pious Æneas, known in fame even to the stars," and, speaking of the events of his narration he adds. "All of which I saw, and a great part of which I was."

Here we have conspicuous examples of the two opposite methods or styles of telling a story. Æneas was frankly egotistic, proud if not vain of his achievements and fame, desirous of impressing his hearers, at the outset, with a sense of his own personal importance in the events he was about to narrate. Cæsar, on the other hand, though probably no less personally conscious and vain of his own importance as chief actor in the drama he is to describe, no less desirous of name and fame, artfully seeks to conceal his own personality as historian, hoping doubtless to dull the shafts of cotemporary criticism thereby.

Obviously each of these methods has its advantages; Cæsar's is the more dispassionate, the more dignified, the more philosophic, while that of Œneas is the more dramatic, the more realistic, and impresses the hearer or reader, usually, with a greater assurance that he is getting the exact facts, and also the motives that lie behind the facts; and when the egoistic element is not made offensively prominent, as in the case of Œneas, personal narration possesses a charm for most readers that is not found in the non-personal, the purely historic variety.

It is this personal element that makes autobiography so universally popular; witness Franklin's memoirs, Selkirk's Robinson Crusoe, etc.

In reciting the story of Lucifer's birth and adolescence while I cannot say with Æneas, "All of which I saw" I can truly say, "a great part of which I WAS." The history of the little journal of which this is the Twenty-First Anniversary Number is so closely identified with my own, that it is quite impossible to separate the two. So completely has the editorial and business management of the publication absorbed and monopolized my time and energy all these years that to leave Lucifer out would seem to leave these years—the prime of my manhood—a comparative blank. For this if for no other reason I shall make free use of the pronoun "I" in this brief historical sketch, instead of the circumlocutions that would otherwise be necessary to clear statement.

But while postulating, or claiming, as I do, that the history of no other person is so completely identified with our "Morning Star" as is my own, I would by no means forget that I have had many helpers, many able and devoted assistants, both in the business department and in the editorial. In a recent issue of Lucifer it was mentioned that it had been published twenty-one years "under the same editorial management," or words to that effect. This statement is true only as regards general principles, policies, objects and methods of publication. As its first editor; as the writer of the series of articles in the local papers that paved the way for its birth; as senior editor always when not its sole editor, I have claimed and exercised chief control, editorially and in business management.

Having taken so much of my limited space in preliminaries I hasten and also condense:

In March 1880, Gregorian calendar, having then lately removed from Missouri to Kansas, I became involved in a newspaper controversy with the Christians of Valley Falls, a pretty little city, midway between Topeka and Atchison on the Santa Fe Railway. It had then two weekly papers, five or six churches, several flourishing manufacturing establishments, good schools, as schools go, and was and is a very good sample of cities of second or third class in the young commonwealth of Kansas, a name ever memorable for the bloody dramas enacted on its soil during the five or six years immediately preceding the great American Civil war of 1861.

Among the social and intellectual institutions of this little city I found a club calling itself the "Valley Falls Liberal League" holding a charter from the "National Liberal League," an organization whose chief motto was the "Complete Separation of Church and State." This local league or club was the successor of an older club that for many years had held weekly meetings at the office of S. R. Shepherd, now of Leavenworth, Kansas, which meetings were conducted on the plan of equal rights for all, regardless of race, color, party or creed. Mr. Shepherd had been the founder and chief promoter of this club, and to him, to this pioneer abolitionist, newspaper man, freethinker of the agnostic type, also social reformer on all lines, belongs the credit of starting and fostering the movement that made the birth of Lucifer possible at the time and place aforesaid. But I am running ahead of my story.

The newspaper discussion already referred to was called out in this way: A course of public lectures by O. A. Phelps—a Freethought lecturer of considerable celebrity, whose name is doubtless remembered by many of our readers, had been delivered at Valley Falls in February 1880, during which course frequent challenges were made by the speaker to the resident clergy, to jointly discuss the

issues dividing the current and popular theologies from the deductions of modern science as taught by leading Freethinkers and Agnostics of England and America. To these challenges no response was heard till after the departure of Mr. Phelps when, over the signature of "Sylvester," some criticisms of the lectures appeared in the "Valley Falls New Era," to which I, as a member of the Liberal League, replied over the pseudonym "Rustic." This name was taken partly in reference to my lack of experience as a writer for the press. While the identity of "Sylvester" was not hard to find it is mere conjecture as to who wrote the series of letters over his signature that appeared in the "New Era" during the months that followed the Phelps lectures but the preponderance of evidence is that they were written, or at least mainly inspired, by the "Congregational" minister of the city, a man of very considerable learning and skill in debate, named Wilson, and who had often participated in the debates of the "Philomatic Society"—the name of the Freethought club founded by S. R. Shepherd.

As the discussion proceeded it became more and more voluminous until the editor said he could not spare so much of his space. Then our club proposed that the discussion be printed on a separate sheet, as a supplement to the "New Era," the expense to be paid by us. This offer was accepted and adopted, until having received many complaints from his Christian patrons the editor of the "New Era" declined, peremptorily, to have anything further to do with the controversy, in connection with his paper.

The next step in the evolution of Lucifer was natural and logical. Having reached the limit of the embryonic stage of growth a birth, or abortion, became inevitable. Our club decided to make it a BIRTH—by giving to the heretofore "Supplement to the New Era" the name "Valley Falls Liberal," and changing its form to that of a four page sixteen column monthly, price fifty cents per year; the initial number of which, as already stated, was issued sometime in August 1880, under the management of M. Harman and A. J. Searl.

Mr. Searl was then secretary of the local League, and had been for many years one of the best known and most active, clear-headed and logical of the Valley Falls Freethinkers, and as such had rendered efficient aid, with pen and purse, in preparing the way for the successful birth of a Freethought journal. About this time, too, he held the position of Secretary and later of President of the Kansas State Liberal League. Although his official connection with the Liberal was of brief duration—one year—Brother Searl deserves honorable mention for timely services in labor and money, in putting the infant journal in shape to fight the battles that were in store for it. Having decided to take a course of study at the University of Kansas he removed his young family about this time to the historic city of Lawrence, and, devoting his energies to literary and scientific pursuits gradually dropped out of the public agitation of thought along radical lines.

Prominent among those whose names should receive honorable mention at this place for what they did in giving life and sustenance to the young journal is that of Susan Reicherter, who, for the first year or two did more than any one else to obtain subscribers and donations for the new enterprise, also that of her husband John, who nobly seconded her efforts; also the name of Noah H. Harman, one of the most substantial farmers of Eastern Kansas, and who afterward became still better known as the editor and publisher of the "Farmer's Vindicator" at Valley Falls; also that of John Ernst, of Arrington, Kansas, and, notably, that of Charles Robinson of Lawrence—first governor of Kansas, the "War Governor," as he is often called, and whose history of the war in Kansas and the events that preceded it, is doubtless the most reliable of all the accounts yet written of that memorable period, supplemented as it is by the previously published work of Mrs. S. T. D. Robinson, his faithful companion and helper through all those stormy and perilous times; also that of C. B. Hoffman of Enterprise, Kansas, who has since achieved national reputation by his record as a reformer in politics, also by his connection with the Kansas Agricultural College at Manhattan. All of these persons were constant and faithful friends of Lucifer during all its years of conflict with the enemies of Free Speech, Free Press and Free Mails. Many other names should receive at least a passing notice, but space limitations forbid.

KANSAS LIBERAL.

At the end of the first year the name was changed to Kansas Liberal, and instead of monthly it was now to be issued fortnightly. Having as yet no outfit of our own the work was done in the office of the "New Era," G. D. Ingersoll editor and publisher. The growth of the young journal, though slow, was steady from the first, until April 1882 when, accepting the offer of the Kansas Liberal Union, of which C. B. Hoffman was then president, and Annie L. Diggs secretary, the paper became the organ of the state organization. The office of publication was removed to Lawrence, and the change made from a fortnightly to a weekly issue; myself remaining editor in chief, with Annie L. Diggs as assistant. This change brought a very considerable increase to the subscription list together with some important donations from such generous Liberals as ex-governor Robinson, C. B. Hoffman and others. Everything seemed now propitious for the young journal, but soon clouds began to appear in the horizon. Kansas had lately become what is called a "prohibition" state, and Mrs. Diggs was very prominent as an advocate of constitutional and statutory prohibition of the liquor traffic. On the other hand, while I at first favored the "Amendment" as a compromise, I soon saw that as a political measure it must prove a failure and be disastrous rather than beneficial to the cause of true temperance, and began to express myself accordingly in the paper. This naturally brought on a conflict of opinion with my assistant editor which prevented effective work together. A temporary arrangement was made by which the paper would continue the organ of the Liberal Union until after the annual convention of that organization in August of that year, after which by amicable agreement, I resumed entire charge of the paper, and brought it back to my home at Valley Falls.

This was one of the most critical periods in the life of our little journal. My old helpers at Valley Falls had not been pleased with the removal to Lawrence, believing that the original founders could not work successfully with the then officers of the Kansas Liberal Union; hence some were disposed to say, "Didn't I tell you so?" and were not now so enthusiastic in its support as at first. On the other hand, many of the new subscribers who joined us because of the fact that the paper was to be the organ of the Liberal Union now gradually withdrew their support. A faithful few remained, however, who gave me assurance that the paper should not die.

E. C. WALKER.

About this time, too, we were fortunate enough to receive a proposition from Edwin C. Walker, then secretary

of the Iowa Liberal League, and by far its most active and efficient worker. Mr. Walker offered to come to Kansas and join forces with the Kansas Liberal, proposing an equal partnership therein. This offer was accepted; Mr. Walker entered the field as canvasser and editorial correspondent, while I did the office work, assisted by my son George, aged fifteen, and daughter Lillian, aged thirteen, who had already learned to set type. We lived on a little fruit farm one mile from the printery at which the type setting and press work were done. Editorial work was mainly done at home, in the early morning hours and late at night, while much of the day was spent by all three at work on the farm, raising fruits and vegetables, from the sale of which we supplied our own daily wants, besides helping to defray the expenses of publication; the folding and wrapping of the paper being done at night by the entire family, including wife Isabella, whom I had married since our removal to Kansas—my children having been left motherless by the hand of death, in Missouri, June 1877.

Mr. Walker proved himself a very efficient and successful canvasser for subscribers and for the sale of radical literature, and believing our prospects sufficiently encouraging to justify the venture, we bought type and other apparatus, including a Prouty power press, capable of printing one thousand impressions per hour. To enable us to do this we accepted the loan of several hundred dollars without interest from friends interested in our radical work.

In the summer of 1883 we held a decidedly successful campmeeting at Valley Falls, in the interest largely of our weekly and pamphlet publications, at which meeting Governor Robinson was chairman and one of our leading speakers; also, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Prof. W. F. Peck, O. A. Phelps, and other well known lecturers then in the Freethought field. About this time, too, the name of our weekly was changed to

LUCIFER THE LIGHT-BEARER.

The reasons for this change were mainly these:

1. The name "Liberal" had already been appropriated by five or six Freethought journals in various parts of the world, and by at least one political party—in England.

2. Lucifer, the ancient name of the Morning Star, now called Venus, seemed to us unsurpassed as a cognomen for a journal whose mission is to bring light to the dwellers in darkness—the darkness of superstition and ignorance, and as yet we knew of no journal called by that name.

CHANGE IN CHRONOLOGY.

The current and legal method of reckoning time in countries called Christian is based on two alleged supernatural events—the birth of Jesus, a Jewish socialistic reformer, and the formation of Adam, the supposed first man, out of the dust of the earth. Both of these alleged events are now wholly discredited by men of science and learning, whether churchmen or not, which is equivalent to saying that our present chronology has NO SCIENTIFIC basis. Conspicuous among reformers who have yielded up their lives in defense of human freedom and progress is the name of Giordano Bruno, an Italian Freethinker and philosopher who was burned at the stake at Rome, as a "heretic" or rebel against the authority of the Roman church, 301 years ago the 17th of last February, according to authentic records now extant.

Believing that a scientific age requires a scientific chronology, instead of that which is based on the myths and fables of superstitious theology, we adopted as such scientific basis, the burning of the martyred Bruno, and for convenience we make it run parallel with the current and unscientific calendar by dating our years backward forty-eight days, making the year begin near the winter solstice instead of nearly two months later, as it would do if we should date from the anniversary of Bruno's death.

Individualized by these changes—with a new, distinctive and very characteristic name; with a new chronology—the Brunonian and scientific instead of the Galilean and mythologic —equipped with a new outfit of type, also a new and good "cylinder" press; with a subscription list steadily, if slowly, increasing by additions from all parts of the English speaking world; aided by the income of a little fruit farm worked by ourselves, our little journal seemed at length established on reasonably sure foundations. For the next three years Mr. Walker spent most of his time in the canvassing and lecture field, except the summer of '85 which was devoted by him to manual labor on a "claim" in Southern Kansas, preparing a home for his two children and wife Laura, from whom he was then separated by a mutually satisfactory arrangement. Everything was moving along hopefully and with but little of the friction that so often defeats enterprises of similar aim and purpose.

But now again dark clouds began to gather in the journalistic sky, threatening to obscure if not to extinguish entirely the light of our "Son of the Morning," "Herald of the Dawn," as Lucifer was called by ancient poets. In June 286 E. M. (Era of Man) was published in our columns a communication that created quite a commotion among the conventional moralists of Valley Falls—the historic

MARKLAND LETTER.

This letter gave, in plain English, a brief account of what may rightly be called a worse than brutal outrage committed by a husband upon the person of his sick and suffering wife who had lately been operated upon by a surgeon at the time of childbirth, the woman being a mere child herself with neither physical force nor mental courage to defend herself against marital assault. The words used by Mr. Markland, though plain and somewhat unconventional, were such as are used in medical books, and found in all dictionaries.

Immediate steps were taken by the local guardians of "morality" to secure the arrest of the editors and publishers and for the suppression of the offending journal. Complaints were sent to headquarters at Washington, D. C., but for some weeks without visible results.

THE AUTONOMISTIC MARRIAGE.

In September of '86, soon after the publication of the "Markland Letter," occurred another event important in the history of Lucifer. This was the "Autonomistic Marriage" of E. C. Walker and Lillian Harman. This marriage consisted of an agreement, in the presence of relatives and friends, concerning the provisions of a "love and labor union" into which they proposed to enter. There were no obstacles to a legal union, Mrs. Walker having obtained a divorce from Mr. Walker a year previous to this date, and Mr. Walker having settled on her, for their children, all the property he possessed. But a legal union was not desired by either Lillian or Mr. Walker. She, however, felt that for the sake of her friends she preferred something in the way of a public acknowledgement of her choice, and this, a compromise, so to speak, between civil marriage and perfect freedom, was the result.

As space can be found for only the outlines of the history of our work, a description of the agreement between Lillian and Mr. Walker will not be given; but it can be found in "Autonomistic Marriage," a small pamphlet sold by us.

This affair, coming as it did when the prejudices of the community were already aroused, had the effect of inflaming the mob spirit to fever heat. Summary vengeance was threatened, and we were told that a mob was actually formed; but was persuaded by a "law-abiding citizen" to disband on promise that he would bring legal proceedings. In accordance with this promise, a warrant was sworn out charging Mr. Walker and Lillian with "living together without being married," "against the peace and dignity of the state of Kansas." Bonds were fixed at $1.000; but threats were openly made that any one going on the bond would find his houses, barns, etc., burnt in revenge by the mob.

The trial court found defendants guilty of living together without getting married, and sentenced Mr. Walker to seventy-five days and Lillian to forty-five days in jail, assessing costs against them. David Overmeyer and G. C. Clemens, both of Topeka and staunch friends of Lucifer, carried the case to the Supreme Court of Kansas, which eventually decided that defendants WERE married in common law, but were properly punished for not GETTING married. The Kansas statutes, by the way, while stating that a marriage license shall be taken out by those intending matrimony, provides no penalty for those who refuse to take out such license. Consequently, the d fendants in this case were arrested for living together without BEING married and unlawfully "punished" for not "getting" married. That, however, while an important matter from the legal viewpoint was comparatively unimportant from ours; for neither Mr. Walker nor Lillian had any intention of recognizing the marriage as legal, though all the courts, civil and ecclesiastical, should pronounce it such. And though they have lived together for years in several states, Lillian has always retained her own name and neither has claimed any of the rights nor demanded any of the duties enforced by legal marriage.

Before the expiration of Lillian's forty-five days in jail she announced her intention of refusing to allow costs to be paid for her, and to this decision Mr. Walker also held at the expiration of his sentence. So instead of leaving the prison they remained for more than six months therein. By the way, it may be mentioned here, that the anniversary of Lillian's birth, Dec. 23, occurred after her sentence had expired, so that she presented the rather unusual spectacle of a young girl completing her seventeenth year a voluntary prisoner.

It seemed now that the residence in jail was to be prolonged indefinitely. On hearing of the arrest of George Harman and myself, however, Mr. Walker and Lillian immediately decided to pay costs and leave the jail, she to return to work on Lucifer, he to whatever fate the United States Courts had in store for him; each with determination unshaken by the trials of the past or possibilities of the future.

While the persecution against Lillian Harman and E. C. Walker for alleged violations of the Kansas marriage laws were the real beginning of the attempts to suppress Lucifer by legal process—so-called, the orders for the arrest of the editors and publishers, as such, were not served till some months later. As night was closing down upon the workers in Lucifer's office, Feb. 16, 287, and we were about to start for home, a mile away, in walked City Constable Boles who introduced Mr. Thompson of Topeka.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Thompson," said I, with the customary form of salutation.

"Perhaps when you know my business you will not say that"—was the reply.

"Well, what is your business?"

For answer he read his warrant for the arrest of M. Harman, E. C. Walker and George Harman, by order of U. S. Commissioner Wilson, of Topeka, Kansas.

"When do you want us"? I then asked.

"Now."

"You will let us go home for a change of clothing?"

"No; you can send for your clothes, but you will stay where you now are till the train starts for Topeka, at ten o'clock tonight."

Accompanied by our kinsman N. H. Harman, who came in from his farm, three miles away, to go as bondsman for us, Son George and myself went with the Marshall to Topeka and gave bond in the sum of five hundred dollars each for our appearance at the ensuing session of the U. S. Court to be held in April following.

After many vexatious and expensive delays, appearances and re-appearances with our bondsmen at court, at Topeka and at Leavenworth, our cases were finally brought to trial in April 290, more than three years after the arrest. Mr. Walker and George were acquitted while I was sentenced to five years' imprisonment in penitentiary and to pay a fine of three hundred dollars.

Space failing I must bring my story to a close, by adding that from the time of the first arrest by Marshall Thompson till my final release from the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, April 4, 296, a period of more than nine years, I was never for one moment free from the "shadow of the jail"—that is, I was either securely locked within prison walls or was under bonds outside of those walls, with the threat of imprisonment, like the sword of Damocles, constantly hanging over my head.

Meantime Lucifer, the real object of the prosecutors, did not die; Lucifer did not suspend; Lucifer did not retract; Lucifer, "Son of the Morning," did not cease to shine on friend and foe alike. On the contrary it republished, more than once the articles on which the prosecutions were originally based.

After ten years of publication at Valley Falls the plant was removed to Topeka, whence, in April 296, it came to Chicago, where it is probable Lucifer will continue to shine till its mission of mental and moral enlightenment is ended.

Those of our readers who may care to read a more detailed account of the more than nine years prosecution of Lucifer, its editors and publishers, under the United States Censorship laws, are respectfully referred to the Autobiography of Moses Harman, now in course of preparation.

Special Notice.

Through an error in the mailing department our subscribers will receive their papers this week in two sections. We set the type in our own office; but the press work and mailing are done in a large establishment down town. In the press room it was understood that this was to be a double number; but the mailing department got the papers and sent them out. It is very vexatious, and the only thing to be done now is to put the two parts together when received by our subscribers.

Orders for extra copies will be filled with papers bound together properly.

ERRATA: This week's Lucifer is whole number 880 *not* 879, as stated on editorial page.

In article "Past and Future," page 258, line eight, for "concealing," read *conceding*, and, two lines below, "stullify," read *stultify*.

Paragraphs.

BY THE REV. SIDNEY HOLMES.

Vice is pernicious, but advice frequently is infamous.

Gratitude is the cruel landlord that turns Love out of the home.

Liberty of thought is a mockery if liberty of speech and of action is denied.

Experience teaches a dear school and she never fails to collect the tuition fee.

What you do for a person's "own good" almost invariably fails of its purpose.

Friendship is Love's twin brother. It is not always easy to tell one from t'other.

He to whom Vice offers no allurements deserves no praise for his pretence of Virtue.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but the springs grow rusty as we grow older.

Love is an independent little fellow. Try to help him and you have your labor for your pains.

Even the most miserable derive a sort of grim happiness in the belief that no one else is as miserable as they.

As a man Jesus Christ is one of the most interesting characters in fiction. As a god he was a lamentable failure.

The womb of time is pregnant with the seed of higher criticism and must soon give birth to the science of the psychology of religion.

When we call woman an angel it is a confession that we have to draw on the imagination for something worthy of comparison with her.

The "wickedest" man personally is often the best man socially because infraction of moral laws, so-called, arouses thought as to the justice and the efficacy of those laws.

In almost every battle men on each side are sure theirs is the right side. This is not because men's ideas of justice and right are so radically different, but because their viewpoints are different.

The reason the churches are making so little progress is because the ideals of even the publicans and sinners nowadays are higher than those of the obsolete Yahveh of the Hebrew scriptures.

Occultism is the lethal anodyne that lulls the inquiring soul to sleep with phantasms and fairy tales. Give us rather the epiphany that holds the glass to earth and sky and makes clear the mysteries.

I have some very dear friends who are firm believers in what they call occultism. I have also some friends who are happier when they are asleep than when they are awake. For them the lullaby; for me the reveille.

A preacher in the east married the organist of his church a couple of weeks ago without letting the good old ladies in the congregation know beforehand of his intention. Gossip scarified the reputation of his wife and wounded his sensitive heart. He hanged himself in the church belfry. Now the young widow threatens to kill herself. Yet we talk of indicting railroad officials when a brakeman is killed.

Lucifer a Moral Antiseptic.

BY JONATHAN MAYO CRANE.

To young fellows, such as C. L. James and myself, twenty-one years is a long time. It seems almost incredible that I have been a reader of Lucifer during one-third of its lifetime. Pretty nearly that; I began nearly seven years ago.

I began because there was something in its defiance of custom, in its strenuous demand for better conditions, in its sturdy championship of personal liberty and the right of private judgment regarding what are commonly called ethical principles, that interested me.

No other paper had ever appealed so strongly to my innate sense of justice. The one that came the nearest to it, perhaps, was "The Twentieth Century" when Hugh O. Pentecost was at his best as its editor.

I felt that it was a terrible personal loss for me when Pentecost abandoned "The Twentieth Century," just as I and all the other readers of Lucifer would feel it a personal and almost irretrievable loss if Lucifer were to lose the wise and forceful pilot which has directed this little journalistic craft through fair and foul weather for more than a fifth of a century.

Such men are the salt of the earth, the moral antiseptic which arrests the decay of society and gives dear old Mother Nature a chance to make humanity purer, cleaner, sweeter, or, as Omar says, "remold it nearer to the heart's desire."

I have no wish in this Anniversary Number to enter into any controversy with either the editor or any of the contributors to Lucifer. I simply wish to give my testimony, as I used to do in Methodist class meeting; and to tell all of the Light Bearer's flock that I am glad to be one of them. Or, if a testimonial more in the nature of those given to efficacious medicine is preferable I would willingly write:

"Chicago, Ill., August 23, 1901. Editor of Lucifer: Dear Sir: Several years before reading your valuable paper I contracted a serious case of matrimony. I began to read your paper regularly and I have never married since. Please put me down for another year's subscription, for I have lately experienced some pronounced symptoms of a relapse."

The Autobiography.

In answer to many inquiries I wish to say, briefly, that the Autobiography promised and begun more than two years ago, is still unfinished, with much yet to do before it can go to press. Also that I think it unwise to make any more promises as to when it will appear, except perhaps to say, in a general way, that if my health should continue to improve, as I have good reason to hope it will do with the approach of cooler weather, and if no unforeseen accident should occur to prevent, the volume will be ready for delivery to subscribers on or before the first of January next. If this is not satisfactory to subscribers who have paid money for the book, this money will be returned, on application, or will be applied to subscription to Lucifer, or the amount in other literature advertised by us, will be sent instead.

M. HARMAN.

A Definition.

BY ROBERT C. ADAMS.

A free lover is one who believes in the right of private judgment in sex morals. He thinks that continence, marriage, variety or prostitution are matters that concern the individual and that any restriction or dictation on the part of church or state as to private conduct in the exercise of sexual functions is a trespass upon freedom.

It is not correct to refer to a free lover as a varietist any more than it is accurate to call a freethinker an atheist. A freethinker is one who claims the right of private judgment in religion. He rejects the claim that there is any revealed, authoritative standard of religious belief. He may be a theist, deist, agnostic or atheist but he demands liberty of thought and speech on religious

topics. To be consistent he should demand it on all topics, but there are some persons who should be styled freethinkers limited, for they restrict liberty of thought to the realm of religion and are intolerant to anarchy, socialism, free trade, free rum and free love.

Some free lovers are continent and many are faithful to the marriage bond. They only agree in asserting the right for each person to determine how he or she shall live their sexual lives. Some advocate one theory and some another and few will venture to declare that any one system of life is adapted to all people and places.

Before the present era of higher criticism and scientific research the enemies of rationalism always classed freethinkers with blasphemers and blackguards, just as now the enemies of sex freedom allude to free lovers as rakes and debauchees. But as free thought was stood up to by its adherents in spite of religious abuse so free love must be championed against the assaults of prudery.—*Republished by Request.*

"I like Lucifer; but I can't agree with everything I see in it," is a comment frequently heard. Neither do I agree with every opinion which appears in Lucifer—one would have to be a very lively mental acrobat to be able to do so. It has always been the policy of the editor to give all sides a hearing, so far as practicable. Each writer, alone, should be held responsible for opinions expressed under his name. L. H.

Woman's Life in China.

Of the position of women in China, a correspondent of the New York "Sun" writes:

The two dreaded ordeals to which Chinese girls look forward with more or less apprehension, are foot binding and marriage. Foot binding is not so universal as is generally supposed; nor is it confined to the daughters of the higher classes. The Manchus, to which race the Empress Dowager and the Court officials and the military classes belong, have never observed the senseless custom.

Poets and novelists have praised the stunted feet, comparing them to "golden lilies," and the hobbling gait which follows the crippling to "the swaying of lilies upon their stems." It is extremely difficult for Chinese of the higher classes to find husbands for their daughters whose feet have attained the natural size. It is thought that women who desire unmaimed feet are actuated by no honorable motive; the crippling making it difficult for them to go about and keeping them more closely at home than would be the case if they had full use of the stunted members.

At the same time, bound-foot women may be seen toiling in the fields, carrying heavy burdens—poor oppressed drudges, who frequently end their lives by opium, or leaping into the wells.

Marriage is wholly problematical, being arranged by the omnipresent go-between. The husband and wife do not see each other until the veil is raised, when the bride alights from her closed sedan chair and is conducted to her chamber in the bride-groom's house. From childhood she is confronted with the possibility of life-long unhappiness as a wife, should she fail to have a son. The life is essentially patriarchal. Daughters are expected to leave their parents' house, to return only for rare and brief visits. They cease, after marriage, to belong to their parents' family, not even returning to take part in the funeral ceremonies.

Sons bring their wives home, but are assigned to separate apartments within the common court. Over the households of daughters-in-law the mother-in-law rules with a rod of iron, the daughters-in-law are practically her servants; they are not permitted to sit or talk in her presence and must perform whatever tasks she assigns them. Love between husband and wife as it exists among Christian people is unknown in China, and it is a subject that it is not considered decorous to discuss.

A Chinese lady once asked an American "why she married her husband." She replied simply: "Because I loved him," and the explanation was followed by dead silence and profound embarrassment among the Chinese matrons present.

There are no grounds upon which a woman may divorce her husband, but there are many—too much talking, gadding, ill-temper, indolence and countless others—for which he may send her back to her parents.

Suicide is common among women of all classes, and aside from grief after bereavement, unhappiness in marriage is the most common cause of such tragedies. Hundreds of wives, it is estimated, end their lives every year in Pekin alone.

Press-Writers' Notes, No. 5.

BY A. C. ARMSTRONG.

Aug. 5. "Traveler" prints a good letter from A. Roscoe on "Man's Nature," contradicting Prof. Morris' assertion that it is religious. "Bulletin" (Phil.) J. M. Gilbert, "Spirits and Witches." Chas. A. Osborn "Individual Dominion."

Aug 6. "Traveler," Aurin F. Hill gives an interesting account of some "Ye old time Witches" and W. C. Knowlton has a round with George William Gilbert in defense of Bro. Groh. The "Bulletin" prints Edward Stern on "A Disgusted People"—that is, with political spellbinders; and A. C. Armstrong on "Spirits or Demons, Which?"

Aug. 7. "Traveler"—Edward Stern "Socialism;" "Paine Hall" Wm. Duffney writes on "Infidel Associates" in answer to Christian objections to the mention of Lincoln and Washington in the same sentence with Paine and Ingersoll. "Bulletin"—Bernard W. Gidney, "Aims of Socialism."

Aug. 8. "Traveler" prints a fine letter from J. T. Small on "Scientific Anarchism." "Weekly Enquirer" (Cincinnati), J. F. Ferris contributes a good article to the Symposium on "Marriage and Divorce."

Aug. 9. "Traveler," A. C. Armstrong, "Are There Any Miracles?" "Bulletin," "Spirits or Demons Which?" by the writer "State Journal" (Columbus, Ohio) prints a splendid half column letter from J. M. Byler on the question of opening the State Fair on Sunday. The "Republican Watchman" (Monticello, N. Y.) George B. Wheeler, "Injustice to Col. Ingersoll." "The Sullivan Co. Republican" of the same place prints the same letter and devotes half a column to comment upon it.

Aug. 10. "Dorchester, (Mass.) Beacon" prints a good letter from Chas. A. Osborn "Against Vaccination." "Traveler," (Boston) William E. Bonney on "Spiritualism;" The Easton (Md.) "Star-Democrat" prints Francis B. Livesey on "Public Schools Bringing Ruin." "Pioneer Press," Martinsburg, W. Va., Francis B. Livesey replies to Editor Macdonald of the "Truth Seeker;" D. Webster Groh defends Livesey's sincerity; W. C. Knowlton reminds "Old Side Methodist" that Daniel Webster was never known for his piety in Massachusetts; James B. Elliott writes of the good work done by Stephen Girard, and J. A. Powers of the "Smart Set." "Banner of Light" (Boston) reprints the writer from (Phila.) "Bulletin" on "Spiritualism or Demonism." "World-Herald" (Omaha Neb) William E. Bonney on the Bombardment of Cloud Land, and for Walter Breen "The Chinese Mothers' Song," from "Life," New York, "Bulletin" (Phil.) Chas. A. Osborn "Vaccination;" Bernard W. Gidney, "Freedom of Socialism."

NEW MEMBERS.

b. Brigham, Dr. O. F., Springvale, Me.
d. Walker, Henry, 1144 N. 6th. St., Springfield, Ill.
b. Williams, J. C. Box 362, Joplin, Mo.

CORRECTIONS.

d. Frazier, W. F. 9 Church St. Place, Somerville, Mass.
c. O'Brine. Edward F. 9 Appleton St., Boston, Mass.
d. Underhill, E. H. 99 Moreland St., Somerville, Mass. Dorchester, Mass.

Love is a comedy in seven acts. You see her, you love her, you swear it, you prove it, you quarrel with her, you hate her and you leave her. Sometimes you marry her, then it is a tragedy.—*Max O'Rell.*

VARIOUS VOICES.

Arthur Wastall, Poste Restante, Lourdes, France.—I admire more and more your liberal views, and manner of conducting Lucifer. Hearty hand grasp to you both.

Albert Strout, Davenport, Wash.:—Please send me Lucifer No. 877 as I did not receive it. Lucifer is too important a paper for me to miss an issue that I am entitled to.

L. A Ueland, Edgeley, N. Dakota:—We are in need of a good lady teacher with some experience. Wages $45 for first grade; $35 for second. Term seven and a half months A *free* thinker preferred. Her application must get here soon.

Virajananda, Editor "Pra-Buddha Bharata," Mayavata, via Almora, Kumaon, Himalayas, India:—With thanks I beg to acknowledge receipt of the issues of your valuable paper. But I am sorry to inform you that the issues of May 11 and 18 last have not reached us. May I ask you to order their early dispatch.

Mrs. M. C., Tenn.—Will you please send me a copy of Lucifer? I was a Lucifer subscriber a short time in 1897 and was pleased with it; but my parents and friends advised me to give it up. I bound the copies I had, however, and have read and reread them with interest. Since that time have had no access to literature on this line. I am deeply interested in this reform. If it is better than our marriage institution we want to know it. It is not agitated here and would be considered an outrage on society were a person to give voice to such sentiments.

M. Florence Johnson, New York City:—Congratulations on your twenty-first anniversary. Now that you have passed from the age of minority to that of manhood, the right to choose and vote, and have signed yourself Lucifer, we shall all be relieved the responsibility of deciding what name is best for you, and if it is ever changed you can quietly do it yourself. As a near relative and a close sympathetic friend this has been a great burden on me when asked to help solve it, and after it was decided, to have it discussed again was very, very tiresome. So, Lucifer, go on with your work. If what you shall accomplish as a man is as great comparatively as what you have done as an infant, child and youth there need be no regrets on the part of yourself or friends that you were born, and to thousands of persons one of the best names in the world will be Lucifer.

Ed. W. Chamberlain, 111 West 42 St., N. Y.:—Just arriving home from an extended tour in the west I find your (L. H.'s) letter awaiting me with request that I write something for Anniversary Number of Lucifer. At this moment I do not think of anything to say appropriately and fitly, and I am under such a pressure of business accumulated during my absence that should I attempt to say anything it would not be with that deliberate care and forethought which is due from a writer to the readers of your noble paper. If I might venture a suggestion upon the subject it would be that in such a number as you plan to issue, nothing would be more fit and nothing more profitable than your father's reminiscences of the struggle he made for free press. I believe that today the value of freedom is better appreciated and the wickedness of suppression more generally understood than in the days when your father was attacked and it is largely to his heroic resistance that this gain in liberal thought has been made. Let us hear from him.

J. L. Hicks, Abilene, Texas:—Enclosed find one dollar to apply on my subscription to Lucifer. I have been reading your paper about seven years, and it has given me broader views, and greater charity, and a softer heart toward everybody and everything that is capable of experiencing happiness or suffering pain. I used to think that the Methodist way was the only right way; that all other ways were wrong, and all other people in imminent peril. My vision was very much restricted, and I was very zealous, and had but little patience with those who held other views. I was honest, however, and you doubtless know just where I stood, and how I felt, and what I needed. Mr. Harman, while your logic is always invincible, and your position impregnable, yet it is your charity—your great, broad-gauged, warm-hearted charity—that has drawn me into line with your way of thinking. In all of your writing there is no vitriol, no bayonet stab, no wormwood and gall for anybody; but a real, earnest, sincere desire that *everybody* may be better and happier. That is the spirit—and the only spirit—that ever accomplishes real good in the long run.

W. W. Miller, New Haven, Conn.:—Sometimes I see things in Lucifer that just exactly voice my sentiments, and I feel as though I wanted to say to you at once, "Them's my sentiments exactly." One of those instances is upon me now, while I read the letter of Mary M. Clark. I am cutting the letter out, and sending it back to you, pasted onto this letter and marked so as to show you at just what points I endorse Miss or Mrs. (it doesn't matter a bit which) Clark's letter. Lots of times I feel like writing you a word of encouragement, or rather a word of appreciation as I don't really believe you need any encouragement. I think you have courage enough and business and horse sense likewise; else you never could have kept the little paper going all these years with so many difficulties to surmount.

The paper is all right in size; in form; in name; in matter; I don't yearn for any change whatever. But if you want to make any change yourself, or the majority of those friends who have your welfare at heart desire any change, I will accept whatever change is made and be satisfied. I think it would be wholly superfluous for me to offer any advice and in its stead I offer only my best wishes for your welfare and my profoundest admiration for the great energy and pluck that you have so long displayed.

A. M. M., Datil, N. M.:—I happened to discover a small piece of paper marked five, and I enclose same to you for subscription and literature. Had I listened to the voice of prudence I would not do this; but I am simply getting desperate on the subject of woman's liberation. By the way, why do you not issue Olive Schreiner's masterly essay on "The Woman Problem" first appearing in "Cosmopolitan" of Dec. '99, as a leaflet? It is very fine, and every woman ought to have it in her home. The more I think upon your work for woman's freedom the more I feel called to aid you as all women ought and would after one hour's earnest thought. Women must free themselves and aid those like yourself who are unselfishly doing a vast work to accomplish our emancipation on all lines.

What a glorious article in Aug., 3 issue by Dr. Suddick! It was that communication that decided me not to hesitate longer but to act as Helen Wilmans always advises—on the fact that opulence is universal no matter whether you have a dollar income or not; so here goes my mite to you I am anxious to get your autobiography. When will it appear?

Your labors are bearing fruit, good man, for hark the tone of the Social bell as Prof. Herron struck the hour of liberty by his late words and conduct. From the very first I was intensely drawn to his position by bonds of sympathy for the high plane he is calling all humanity to reach; and dumb, blind and ignorant as the race has been and is, there is light ahead and this century will witness the emancipation of human beings, both men and women, politically, economically and sexually. The new thought and sex reform papers everywhere are signs of the good times just a little ahead. There may be a cataclysm before peace, but peace awaits the race when woman comes to her own. I wish you the success that "immortality in the flesh" could bring you.

When writing for a missing copy of Lucifer, please give the date or number. "Last week's paper" is too indefinite, and involves too much guessing.

ADDITIONS TO OUR BOOK LIST.

Below are listed books and pamphlets, the majority of which have not heretofore appeared in our lists. We shall continue adding to our lists and stock from time to time and shall be glad to receive orders not only for books which we advertise but for any books procurable anywhere.

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